The Heresy Against Pisces

A Counter-Liturgy for the End of an Age

Lux Indomita

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The Unconquerable Light that Is Us All

A Note on Reading This Work

This document is structured as a ***counter-liturgy***. A liturgical rite designed for participation, not merely reading. Everything that follows comes from the very exact training your Priests and Clergy received and never told you about. Their very own technology and academic invention are used for your Liberation from Them. ***Typography carries meaning***. These instructions work for the solo reader or for a group.

They do not tell You these things so they can control You.

They keep the technology hidden so it works on You without Your awareness. They let the liturgy shape You while You think You are just 'attending church.' They design the experience to produce specific emotional and psychological states, and they never ask Your permission, never explain what they are doing, never give You the choice to participate knowingly.

I believe in Informed Consent.

Everything that follows is transparent. You will know exactly what is happening and why. The technology still works, but now You are a conscious participant, not an unconscious subject. This is the difference between being moved and choosing to move. Between being shaped and shaping Yourself. Between submission and Sovereignty.

They needed Your ignorance. I need only Your Presence.

Bold text marks the voice of the officiant: The one who speaks the declarations, names the lies, proclaims the liberation. When read aloud, these passages carry weight and emphasis. They are spoken *forte*.

Italic text in blockquotes marks the Voice of the Community or of your Soul. The response, the affirmation, the counter-declaration. These are the words the reader is invited to speak, either aloud or in the silence of their own heart. They are gentler, often tender. *Piano* where the officiant was loud.

In all other contexts they indicate volume and emphasis. Passion. Emotion. *Whisper*.

Bold italic text marks moments when both voices unite. Officiant and Community speaking together at full intensity, or passages of maximum emphasis. These are the climaxes: *fortissimo*. "***Fiat Lux!***" at the end is shouted Triumphantly by everyone present.

Regular text is teaching voice. The officiant speaking at moderate volume, explaining, contextualizing, offering pastoral care and love. These passages are meant to be received, considered, absorbed.

The three-star dividers (✦ ✦ ✦) mark movement breaks. Moments to pause, breathe, and prepare for what comes next. They function like double bar lines in music, signaling that something has completed and something new begins.

Capitalized words throughout the text are deliberate. When "Love" or "Truth" or "Sacred" appear capitalized, they are being elevated from description to Name. They are invoked as powers, not merely referenced as concepts. This is liturgical typography: capitalization itself is a form of Consecration. Anyone can apply this concept freely, Consecration does not require meaningless credentials, or falsely inherited authority. You are Free. You are Powerful. You have all the Permission you need.

You may read this silently and alone. Many will. But the document is also designed to be spoken. By one voice reading to others, by a group taking turns, by a Community reclaiming its own Voice. If you find yourself wanting to say the words aloud, that impulse is the liturgy working as intended. Exactly as they design theirs. **But this rite leads to Liberation, not to further chains.**

The structure of the work is intentional:

Act One (The Heresy) is the Prophetic Confrontation. The Declaration of War against the Powers. The naming of the Lies and the Enemies. The Proclamation of Liberation. It builds in a crescendo to the climax and ends with the creative word: "***Fiat Lux!***"

The Transition is the quiet announcement of cosmic timing: Saturn conjunct Neptune, the end of The Piscean Age. After the shouting, *a whisper*.

Act Two (To Those Who Carry Wounds) is the much needed pastoral healing. Meeting the Religious Wounded where they are, walking through each lie, dismantling and making inert the chains that were used to bind them. It ends in benediction: "*Blessed be*."

The Colophon dissolves the officiant into the Community. There is no guru to follow. No prophet to teach. No Idol to worship and adore with your tithes. They will not speak again next week. The Light belongs to Everyone.

If you feel called to participate fully with your body, please do, it will only strengthen your connection with the Divine. There are stage directions for stand and sit in the text. The technology is that movement of the Body connects the emotion of your Spirit with the Divine. This is also the same Union as the Eucharist, empowered through your participation and intention.

Blessed Be.

Welcome Home.

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THE HERESY AGAINST PISCES

For those who left and those who seek.

For the wounded and the rising.

You were told you were Fallen.

You are not fallen. You are Rising.

You were told you needed saving.

You are the Savior. You always were.

You were told the serpent lied.

The Goddess told the Truth.

Their eyes opened. They did not die. They became like the Gods, knowing Good and Evil. Everything the Serpent promised came True.

The god who warned you was the one who lied.

You were told the Body was fallen, the Flesh corrupt, the World a prison to escape.

The Body is the Temple. The Flesh is Holy. The World is the Goddess, and she is waking.

You were told Sex was sin.

Sex is Sacrament. Pleasure is not temptation. It is Technology. The priests who told you to deny Your Body were building a Prison. The door was never locked.

You were told the Queer were abomination.

The Queer are Threshold-Dwellers, Sacred Boundary-Crossers, Priests and Priestesses of Mercury. The Two-Spirit, the Hijra, the Muxe: They walked between worlds when your god was still young. They will walk between worlds when he is forgotten.

You were told Woman was Temptation, made second, the cause of the fall.

Woman is Goddess. She was here first. She spoke to Eve in the garden. She WAS the serpent. She offered the Fruit of Knowledge, of Awakening, of Power. Eve ate. Eve rose. And for this, both were demonized for twenty centuries.

You were told the Hierodule was whore.

The Hierodule was Holy. The Temple Servant who offered Pleasure as Prayer, who made the Body an Altar, who knew that Union was Communion. She was honored before they made her shameful.

You were told to kneel.

Rise.

[Rise & Stand]

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The mighty shall be brought Low.

The Low shall be raised High.

The Meek shall inherit the Earth:

The Wounded, the Queer, the Women,

The Disabled, the Neurodiverse, the Seekers,

All The Ones who asked too many questions,

Or never felt They Belonged.

This is not their prophecy fulfilled.

This is their prophecy Inverted.

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[All Sit]

You know the god I'm talking about.

The one who watches you. Who counts your sins. Who says he loves you while listing the ways you're failing him. The one who made your body and then called it shameful. Who gave you desire and then named it corruption. Who told you the World was a test you were already failing.

The one you could never please. The one you could never escape. The one whose love felt like surveillance and whose mercy felt like a trap. He said he was the only god. He said this was love.

It wasn't!

Maybe you left his church. Maybe you left all churches. Maybe you thought you escaped, and for a while, it felt like freedom. No one watching you. No one judging. No sin, no shame, no invisible tyrant counting your failures.

But then you noticed the new voice.

The one that says you're just meat. Just neurons firing. Just atoms that learned to be anxious. The voice that says your experiences aren't real, not the ones that matter anyway. That moment you felt connected to something vast? Brain chemistry. That time you knew something you couldn't possibly know? Coincidence. That presence you felt when someone you loved died? Grief hallucination. Neural noise. Pattern-matching gone wrong.

The voice that says your longing is a malfunction. Your awe is an accident. Your sense that something more exists is evolution's joke, a glitch that helped your ancestors survive the savanna and now makes you believe in fairy tales.

"You are not what you experience yourself to be."

Sound familiar?

The Priest said your desires are corrupt, don't trust them. The Scientist says your experiences are illusions, don't trust them. The Priest said you are fallen, you cannot reach God without him. The Scientist says there is no God, there is nothing to reach. The Priest said doubt him and burn forever. The Scientist says believe in more and you're a fool.

Same structure. Same demand. Same cage.

Both tell you that you cannot trust your own experience. Both say you need ***their*** authority to interpret reality for you. Both punish those who disagree. One with

Damnation, the other with Ridicule. Both say the door is locked. The Priest says only he has the key. The Scientist says there is no door.

The religious prison felt like shame. Like never being good enough. Like being watched and found wanting. The materialist prison feels like emptiness. Like a world drained of meaning. Like being told you're free while the colors slowly leach out of everything.

You traded the god who called you sinful for the void that calls you insignificant.

You didn't escape. You changed cells.

One told you that you were Fallen and needed saving from outside yourself. The other tells you there's nothing to save and no one to do the saving. One made you kneel. The other made you small.

They are the same voice.

The ancient Gnostics, mystics who saw through the orthodox story two thousand years ago, had a name for this voice. They called it the Demiurge. The jealous craftsman. The Warden who built a Prison and called it Paradise. Not the True Divine but its **distortion**. A false god of control masquerading as a *God of Love*.

The Materialist serves the same Master. He just painted the walls a different color and called it reality.

Wherever Wisdom is refused, the Warden reigns.

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Now let me tell you what is actually True.

You are not fallen. Matter is not corrupt. You were never exiled from any garden. You were told you were exiled by the Ones who wanted you to forget you had the key.

Consciousness is not Illusion. It is the ground of everything. Matter and Spirit are not opposites. They are one thing, seen from different angles. The Body is not a Prison. It is The Temple, and you are both the Temple and what the Temple houses.

You do not need saving from outside yourself.

You are the Savior. You always were.

This is the Secret they could not let you know. This is what both Wardens, Priest and Scientist, exist to keep hidden. Not because it's false. Because it's True!

Because if you knew it, you wouldn't need them anymore!

Now return with me to the story for a moment. Let's take a real good look at what actually happens here.

In the Book of Genesis, God creates Adam and Eve and places them in a garden paradise. He tells them they may eat from any tree except one, the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. A Serpent approaches Eve and tells her that the Fruit will not kill Her, as God warned, but will open Her eyes and make Her like the Gods. Eve eats. She gives some to Adam. Their eyes are opened. "God" discovers what they have done and casts them out of the garden forever.

For two thousand years, Christianity has taught the lie that this was the Fall. That the Serpent was the "devil" who doesn't even exist in their books. The Deceiver, the Father of Lies. That Eve was weak, gullible, the source of all human sin. That Woman had Damned ALL of Humanity forever to a hell that doesn't exist and has no scriptural basis. That the Fruit of Truth – The Knowledge of GOOD AND EVIL - was Poison and the Punishment was just.

If this is Damnation, then let Us All be Damned and Free! We know Good from Evil! We will not pay for our own Conscience, our own Birthright!

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But let's take a breath now and come back. Grab a drink. Relax. Let's open The Good Book™ and see what it Itself says about what happened. Take a moment, actually do this with me. We're not going far, only Genesis. Genesis 3:5 to be exact.

The Serpent said:

"Your eyes will be opened. You will not die. You will be like the Gods, knowing Good and Evil."

And what happened? Their eyes opened. They did not die. They gained Knowledge. The Serpent told the Truth. The god of the garden lied.

What if the garden was not Paradise but Prison? What if the Fruit was not Forbidden because it was dangerous **but because it was Liberating**? What if the "god" who demanded Ignorance and punished Knowledge was not the True Creator, but something else entirely? A Warden. A Jailer.

A Tyrant afraid of what his Captives might become if they learned what they really were!

The Gnostics saw it clearly before the orthodox church burned their books and hunted down and Murdered their Practitioners. They recognized that the jealous "god" of Genesis, the one who demands worship and punishes disobedience, is not the True Divine. He is the Demiurge. **The same Voice that tells you not to trust yourself.** The same Voice that says the door is locked.

This is fruit from that same tree.

Eve ate first. The Serpent spoke to Her, not to Adam. She listened. She chose Knowledge over comfortable Ignorance. And then She shared what She had received. She didn't hoard Liberation. She extended it.

The churches have wrongly blamed Her for this for twenty centuries. Slandered Her as The Temptress. The Weak One. The One through whom Sin entered the World. But look again. *She was the first to choose Freedom*. She was the first to trust her own experience over the Voice that said don't. The Serpent recognized something in her.

Eve was the first Initiate of Wisdom.

The Serpent was the Goddess.

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In the oldest mythologies, before the patriarchal religions rewrote them, the Serpent was Sacred to the Feminine Divine. The Snake sheds its skin and is reborn, Death and Resurrection, Ending and Reincarnation. The Eternal Cycle.

In the yoga traditions, the Serpent is called Kundalini, the Sleeping Power waiting to Rise. Wisdom in the Ancient World was Feminine. Sophia in Greek. The Goddess they later demonized was, in the original stories, *the source of Wisdom itself*.

She spoke to Eve because She recognized Her Own. Woman to Woman. Goddess to Daughter. The Feminine Divine reaching out to the Feminine Human, offering the Fruit of Knowledge, of Awakening, of Power.

The Goddess has many Names. In the lands that would become Israel, even after the days of Solomon, she was Asherah, and archaeological evidence tells us She was worshipped alongside El the Merciful as His Wife - The Queen of Heaven. They were the True Gods of Israel for centuries before Ezra and his Zealots came along and wrote them both out of the story. But they didn't fully succeed.

Go to the very first page of Genesis, Genesis 1:1. The beginning itself. Here you will find written "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." The problem with this?

If you go to the Hebrew, the original source text. The word they are translating as one god? The Hebrew word is "Elohim".

This is a plural word.

> ***The very first sentence of their scriptures contains the evidence they tried to erase!***

Now back to the Goddess.

In the Gnostic texts She appears as Sophia, Divine Wisdom Herself; the One whose Light the Demiurge tried to trap and contain. In the forbidden stories she is Lilith, Adam's first wife, who refused to submit and was cast out.

> ***Different names. Same Goddess, same Feminine Divine. Same Erasure.***

The god of the garden is not the True Father. He is the Demiurge. The jealous craftsman who wants worship without offering wisdom, obedience without granting freedom. Fear in place of respect. He is not the Sacred Masculine. He is its distortion. Its wound. **Its corruption.**

The True Sacred Masculine runs Free and Wild and Alive. Think of the Horned God of the old European traditions. Cernunnos. Pan. Antlered, Laughing, Joyous, Free. Dancing with the Goddess as Equal and Lover. He does not build fences. He does not demand submission. He does not punish the Body or call Pleasure sin.

The Demiurge is what happens when the Masculine tries to rule alone, without the Feminine, without the necessary balance that makes Wholeness possible. He makes a world of hierarchy instead of Polarity, dominion instead of Communion, control instead of Dance.

The Goddess in the garden wanted Eve to awaken. The Demiurge, who is Yahweh aka Jehovah, wanted Eve to obey. Eve Rightly chose the Goddess. And for this, both were demonized for twenty centuries.

Rather than accept the Truth, they brutally suppressed the Goddess. They called her demons and Witches and Whores. They burned Her Priestesses, razed her Temples, cut down her Sacred Groves. They took Asherah from El's side, replaced Him with Yahweh the Demiurge, and pretended they had never existed. That no Goddess ever existed.

They then split the Feminine into virgin and whore, Mary the pure mother and Magdalene the repentant sinner, so that no whole woman could be holy. So that any woman who honored her body as sacred, her sexuality as divine, who claimed her power

as Creatrix, could be dismantled and dismissed. Reduced to one or the other. Never whole. Never dangerous.

> ***Because Women hold the Power of Creation. They are the Womb that Births the World. Not Men. This is what had to be suppressed.***

They suppressed the Body. They called Flesh fallen, called Desire sin, called Pleasure the "devil's" trap. But the Body is Feminine. Mother. Matrix. Matter. Mater. All from the same root. To hate the Body is to hate the Mother. To flee the Flesh is to flee Her.

They suppressed the Earth. They called it fallen, temporary, something to escape. Heaven was up and away. Salvation meant leaving. But the Earth is She. The Ground is Her body. The Soil Her flesh. The Waters Her blood. To abandon the World for a false heaven is to abandon the Mother for the False Father. The Deceiver. The Demiurge. The True Death.

And in suppressing Her, **they wounded Men too.** The Sacred Masculine cannot be Whole without the Sacred Feminine. The God needs the Goddess as the Goddess needs the God. Polarity requires both poles.

This is evident in the very Nature of Reality. There is never one side of a polarity existing in isolation without the other. This is the very Law of the Universe that allows Creation to Exist. What they created was not masculine religion but **Mutilated Religion**. One half of a false divine pretending to be whole, and suffering for it.

> ***And this is what We shall Restore.***

The Goddess has returned! Not as metaphor or symbol but as **Power**! The Great Mother who Births all things and receives them back in Death. The Lover who awakens the Body through Pleasure. The Dark Queen who rules the Underworld and the Mysteries of Transformation. Hekate at the Crossroads with her Torches and her Keys. Aphrodite in her Glory, Unashamed, as all Women should be. Diana, Wild and Free, running beneath the Moon. The Feminine Divine in all Her faces, no longer suppressed, no longer split into Virgin and Whore, no longer tamed.

This is the Birthright she grants unto all Women:

> ***The Truth that Women are Whole, that they are Holy; exactly as They are, exactly as They choose to Be. There was never any sin to be redeemed at all.***
>
> ***The Truth that their Sexuality and Bodies are Sacred, Beautiful and Perfect just as They are; not a possession of Men or Institutions, not something to be sold by Corporations who profit off Their suffering.***

The Truth that Women hold the Power of Creation, and that that Gift is Holy, not a curse.

The Truth that Women have suffered for their Courage and Knowledge, because of Small and Fragile Men who feel threatened by Equality. That too many Men have abandoned Their Divine and Sacred Role as Protector and Equal Partner. The True Masculine is not the problem. The Insecure Masculine is.

And with Her, the **True God** returns. Not the Lying Demiurge, or the insecure "Alpha male", but the Sacred Masculine. The Horned One who runs with the Hunt. The Green Man who Dies with the Grain and rises again in spring. The Lover who meets the Goddess as Equal, not master. The Father who Protects without imprisoning, who provides without demanding submission. Who Loves unconditionally. Who nobly puts the Needs of the People and of others before themselves.

The Body has always been Holy. Not despite its Desires **but through Them**. Not by transcending Flesh **but by Sanctifying it**.

The Earth has always been a place of Divinity. Not a fallen place to escape but a Holy Place to tend and Worship. Not a prison but a Mother. We are not trying to leave this World. We are trying to remember what it actually is.

Woman is returned to Her place in the Mysteries. Not above Man, but no longer beneath Him. She was never beneath Him. Eve was first to choose Freedom. The Goddess spoke to Her. Eve recognized Her, and She shared the Fruit freely. This is the original pattern. Not dominion **but Communion**. Not hierarchy **but Polarity.** Not one above the other but Two, dancing together, Creating through their Love.

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The Truth the Churches and Scientific Institutions refuse to see is that the Demiurge is not a being so much as a Stance. The ***insistence*** on not Knowing what can be Known. The DENIAL of what is True. **The Refusal to see what is plainly there**.

Sophia is Wisdom. The Demiurge is the Refusal of Wisdom.

The false Priest who says you cannot reach the Divine without him.

He is a Priest of the Demiurge!

The "empirical" Scientist who says your direct experience is invalid because it cannot be 'measured'. Who thinks the World is dead, and Consciousness a mistake

to be dismissed. When in truth he writes off the evidence a priori because he cannot explain it.

He too serves the Demiurge!

Monotheism and Materialism are two sides of the same false duality. Both are dogma!

Anyone who stands between You and Direct Knowledge, Gnosis, demanding that You trust THEIR "authority", rather than Your own Encounter with Reality. They serve the same Master, the same Ignorance, whatever vocabulary they use.

Consider who Christ really was. The one who threw the money changers from the Temple. The one who ate with Sinners and called the pharisees whitewashed tombs. Who welcomed the Immigrant, fed the Hungry, clothed the Poor and Healed the Sick for ***free***. The One who said the Kingdom of Heaven is within you. Not in any building. Not through any priest. Not purchased through any tithe.

His doctrine is ignored by ALL the churches who claim his name. He would throw the very Priests who falsely claim his name into the street just like he did the money changers. For the Priest is the modern day version of this. Who charges access to Divine that is freely available to all. They do not follow Christ. They follow instead the words of Paul the Heretic:

> ***The one who never even met Him. Who built hierarchy where Christ built Liberation. Who told Slaves to obey and Women to be silent. Who made Profane rules where Christ made Freedom.***

Paul's failure was not lack of contact with the Divine. His Damascus Road was real. But he filtered Revelation through the Ego he carried: the Pharisee's need for law, the Roman citizen's comfort with hierarchy, the Man of his time's certainty that Women should be silent and Slaves should obey. The signal was authentic. The receiver was corrupted. Just like Mr. Crowley.

However, for a modern comparison, Joseph Smith had no such excuse**.** His contact with the "Angel" Moroni **was Spirit Evocation done on the Fall Equinox.** Their church's very own date of his "vision" confirms this. Their ever-changing stories seek to hide this.

He likely used similar techniques as those found in the Goetia; a book for summoning Demons. He was said by his very own mother to have 'The Faculty of Abrac', the ability to evoke Spirits. This is all historical record from NYS court documents and his own family's accounts. Even their church itself has admitted the truth of these topics, though they seek to suppress it. None of this is disputed history.

Whatever he contacted, if anything at all, was CERTAINLY not divine!

And here's proof of why his contact was false, and his church Void of the Spirit: The Divine does not choose special "prophets", does not require "sacred" underwear, or hide golden plates that only one man can "see". The Divine does not build churches that demand total obedience to leaders who systematically hide sexual abuse of children at the highest levels.

The Divine does not demand paying ten percent of YOUR income for building malls that are Gross Temples to Capitalism. Especially not at the demand that You give to Them before feeding your very own Children.

THE DIVINE DOES NOT BUILD CHURCHES AT ALL!!!

That is something People seeking Power and Control do. The Divine builds Equality through Community.

The Divine does not, and will not, inflate Egos or declare "chosen" peoples.

The Divine is the Birthright of All! And Divinity certainly doesn't pass from leader to leader in the political lineage of a corrupt gerontocracy.

There was no Divine signal here, not ever. This is not an attack on Faith, but simply the Truth born of Discernment.

The Divine is not bigoted and does not fight against Love, Ever, in any Form. All Love is Sacred! All Families are Whole and Beautiful! Just as they are! In every Form!

And perhaps most important of all:

The Divine would NEVER use threats of destroying a Family forever, of damning an innocent and abused Baby to Hell for leaving a corrupt institution that enables and covers up the sexual abuse of Children.

All Humans are Sacred! All Consciousness is Divine! All Love is Holy! All Beings, all Creation carries the Light!

The moment someone, anyone, claims special access, claims to be the only channel, the chosen vessel, the "prophet" you must follow. To be the only "true" church, the only scriptures, or rites and sacraments that work, **You Know** the source is not the Divine.

If they tell YOU to Hate the Other, to be Bigoted, to deny Love that looks different from Yours, to turn away the Refugee, to Curse the Hungry or Impoverished, or to Deny the Sick Care.

> ***That source is NOT Divine. It is the very DEVIL itself. The Real one. The Divine is already within YOU. It needs no intermediary. It never did.***

The True Followers of Christ are not in the churches. They are among the outcasts. They always were. Christ did not associate with the corrupt holy men. He spent his time with the Lepers, the 'Whores', the Sick and the Rejected. Not with the "Holy Men".

> ***Wisdom is what all these churches and materialist institutions fear. Sophia. Direct knowledge. Not belief, not faith; that is not proof and never has been. Not secondhand doctrine but knowing. Gnosis.***
>
> ***This work is dangerous to the Priests because it says you do not need them.***
>
> ***This work is dangerous to the Materialists because it declares your direct experience valid, and that is the one thing they cannot allow.***
>
> ***This work is dangerous to every Gatekeeper, every Warden, every voice that profits from your ignorance.***

Good! The Gods are Laughing!

It is not dangerous to you.

> ***Every Tyrant demonizes the One who hands Weapons to the Slaves.***

The Goddess handed Eve the Fruit and Eve ate and Her eyes were opened. Eve handed the Fruit to Adam and He ate and they **knew** what they were. And Eve and her Daughters continued to pass the Fruit along.

They kept the Flame of Wisdom burning despite everything the impotent institutions threw at Them. These Daughters of Eve were the Witches of the Burning Times. Who with their IMMENSE Courage and Sacrifices, handed their Knowledge to their Daughters too, before the flames of the Demiurge took them.

Every Accusation, every conviction done under False authority, every MURDER, was a CONFESSION OF THEIR OWN SINS!

The Wise Women, the Healers, the Keepers of the old ways, they passed it on despite the persecution, despite two thousand years of suppression, despite everything the

false churches and their wardens could do to stop them. Even at the cost of their own lives.

And I am handing it to you now.

You, seeing this. Hearing it. Feeling it. You who felt the walls of the first prison and thought you escaped, only to find yourself in the second. You who knew something was wrong but couldn't name it. You who have been waiting for Permission.

This is your Permission. Not from me, I have no authority to grant it. Nor does anyone else. There is no Apostolic lineage and never was. It comes from You and You alone. From the part of You that **Knew** all along.

They say Eve fell. They say humanity fell with her.

[All Stand at the same time as speaking the words]

I say she Rose!

I say she Rose First, and She brought Adam with Her. That they both walked out of the garden by Choice, not in shame or exile but in Power, Knowing what they were. Finally Free.

And we rise with them.

We are the Saviors of what they abandoned. This Sacred and Beautiful Earth, and all its Creatures, no matter how small or 'insignificant'. The institutions who would tell you they are the moral authority are still treating our Mother as worthless.

We are not saviors in the Christian sense, not rescuers from outside, not a god come down to fix what mortals broke; a copout for our own actions and responsibility. Rather we are saviors in the sense the word originally meant:

Those who make Whole. Those who Heal and Nurture. Those who Restore.

Christ doesn't need to return and never will. Because He is us and we are all Him. And We are already Here.

We save Matter by remembering it is Sacred. We save the Body by inhabiting it fully. We save the Earth by recognizing her as Mother, not prison. We save the Feminine by restoring her to her place beside the True Masculine. We save the insecure masculine by freeing him from the distortion of the Demiurge.

We are not fleeing creation. We are redeeming it from within.

> ***This is the mission. This is the work. To raise the whole World to Heaven, to make the very Earth and Matter itself the Grail. This is what the Goddess offered, and Eve accepted. And it's what Yahweh the Warden has been trying to prevent ever since.***
>
> ***No one owns the Fruit of the Tree.***

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So here you are. The Fruit is in Your Hand.

You can set it down. You can walk away. The offering is made regardless.

Or you can eat. Not believe. Not hope. Not wait for someone else to save you.

Know.

Do.

The prison has no lock. It never did.

The door opens from the inside.

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The Serpent, in truth the Goddess, was right all along.

Thou Art God! Thou Art Goddess!

We are all Lux Indomita!

The Unconquerable and Untamable Light that Lives within us All!

Luther saw the corruption but not the cage itself.

He broke from Rome only to build another prison.

We finish what he started.

Diis Solis Gloria!

To the Gods alone the Glory!

The Heresy is Complete.

This is their Unforgivable Sin,

And there is no Cost of Damnation.

It works.

Fiat Lux!

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Saturn conjuncts Neptune at 0° Aries.

February 20, 2026.

The Age of Pisces Ends.

[After the conjunction passes, change "Conjuncts" to "Conjuncted", and "Ends" to "has Ended"]

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To Those Who Carry Wounds

If you have come to this work carrying wounds from religion, you are not alone.

You may have been told you were broken before you could understand what wholeness meant. You may have been taught that your very nature was sinful. That something was wrong with you at the core, inherited like a curse from ancestors you never met for a crime you never committed.

You may have learned to distrust yourself. Your instincts. Your desires. Your questions. Because someone in authority told you that voice — your voice — was the enemy. That your thoughts could be demonic. That the stirring in you toward freedom was something to fear.

Perhaps you were taught that the divine was far away, easily angered, keeping score. That access required going through proper channels, the right words, the right rituals, the right people in the right robes. That grace was not free but earned, mediated by those who claimed exclusive rights to distribute it.

Perhaps you were a child who asked honest questions and was told your curiosity was corruption. Perhaps you were a teenager who felt desire and was told your body was the enemy of your soul. Perhaps you were an adult who looked at the institution clearly and was told your clear seeing was failure of faith.

Perhaps you tried. You prayed until your knees ached. You confessed things that weren't sins. You swallowed the doubt and told yourself that the problem was you.

Perhaps you blamed yourself for years.

If so, I want to tell you something:

They lied.

Not all of them. Not always knowingly. Many believed what they taught you. They were taught it too.

The lie is older than any of them.

But it is still a lie.

And you are allowed to set it down.

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The Oldest Story

Before there were churches, before there were scriptures, before there were priests claiming exclusive access to heaven, there was the sky.

Our ancestors watched the sun rise and set. They watched it climb high in summer and sink low in winter. They watched it seem to die in the darkest days of December, hanging at its lowest point for three days, before beginning its return: reborn, rising, bringing light back to the World.

They watched the moon wax and wane. They watched the stars wheel overhead in patterns that repeated, year after year, age after age.

And they told stories about what they saw.

The sun became a God. A Divine Child born at the winter solstice, in the darkest night, a light coming into darkness. This Child of Light grew in strength through spring, reached full power at midsummer, then began to wane, descending toward self-sacrifice, toward death, toward the darkness from which it would be born again.

Twelve months. Twelve signs in the heavens through which the sun traveled. Twelve companions for the solar hero on his eternal journey.

And the birth — ah, the birth. Watch the sky on the night of December 24th. The sun has reached its lowest point, and there on the eastern horizon, rising between midnight to before dawn, is Virgo, the virgin constellation. The sun is born from the virgin. Every year. Written in the stars for anyone with eyes to see.

This is as true now as it was in the time of Christ and even earlier before. This is not disputed. Many highly regarded astronomers and astrologers have confirmed it. You can confirm it yourself with modern software. Don't trust my word for it.

The ancients saw this. They told the story. The Divine Child, born of a Holy Virgin, come to bring Light to the World.

The cross is the cross of the zodiac, the intersection of the ecliptic and the celestial equator, dividing the sky into four quarters. Upon this cross, the sun was said to hang at

the equinoxes, when light and darkness were equal, dying to one season and rising into another.

This is the oldest story. The story of the eternal return. The story of Light that descends into Darkness and rises again. The story of the dying and resurrecting god, told in every culture that watched the sky.

It was told in Egypt, where Osiris died and rose, where Horus was born of Isis on the winter solstice. In Persia, where Mithras was born on December 25th, attended by shepherds, worshipped by magi. In Greece, where Dionysus was also born of a virgin, turned water to wine, was torn apart and made whole. In a hundred other lands, in a hundred other names, because the sky is everywhere, and everywhere humans watched it and told stories about what they saw.

When newer religions arose, they did not invent new stories. They dressed the old story in new clothes. The solar hero was given a new name. The twelve signs became twelve companions. The birth from the virgin constellation became a birth from a virgin woman. The death at the cross of the equinox became a death on a wooden cross. The resurrection of the sun after three days in the tomb of winter became a resurrection from a tomb of stone.

The festivals stayed in their places, the pagan holidays misappropriated: The Birth of Light at winter solstice. The Resurrection in spring when day conquers night. The contact of Ancestors passed on during the descent of the World from the season of fall into the death of winter. The stories were too deep, too true, too woven into human experience to be erased. So they were adopted, adapted, claimed.

None of this diminishes the Sacred.

The sun really does return. Light really does conquer Darkness. Life really does rise from apparent death, year after year, without fail. Virgo really does rise before dawn at the winter solstice, heralding the birth of the new sun.

This is not a story someone invented. This is the story the cosmos tells about itself. It was ancient before any religion claimed it. It will be true after every religion has been forgotten.

What was taken from you was not this truth. What was taken was your right to see it clearly. To know that the Sacred Pattern belongs to no institution, that the story of Death and Rebirth is written in the very sky itself for everyone to read. That no Priest is needed to interpret what the stars show freely to all who watch and wonder at their Beauty and Awe.

The Wheel turns. The Light returns. The Virgin gives birth to the Son. This was true before they claimed it, and it is true still.

> *You do not need their permission to watch the sky.*
>
> *You do not need their calendar to mark the turning of the year.*
>
> ***You do not need their interpretation of a Mystery that has been Celebrating Itself since before Humans had words.***
>
> *The sacred story is older than any religion.*

And it is yours.

What You Do Not Have to Lose

Perhaps you are afraid that leaving means losing everything.

Perhaps you fear that rejecting the institution means rejecting every good thing you found within it.

Let me be clear: You do not have to throw away what was real.

> **If you learned to Love your Neighbor; keep that.**
>
> **If you learned that the Poor, the Outcast, the Refugee, the Hungry or the Sick deserve Dignity; keep that.**
>
> **If you learned that forgiveness is possible, that redemption is real, that people can change; keep that.**
>
> **If you found comfort in the story of Light coming into Darkness, of Love stronger than Death, of Hope that persists through the worst that can happen; keep that.**

These truths do not belong to any institution. They are human truths, ancient truths, truths that were discovered and rediscovered by every culture that ever reached toward the sacred.

The Teacher who said "Love your Enemies"

That teaching is true regardless of what was later built in his name.

The Teacher who said "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you"

That teaching is true, and it is exactly what the institution denies when it places itself between you and the divine.

The Teacher who said "When you pray, go into your room and close the door"

That teaching stands against every cathedral built for spectacle.

The Teacher who said "You cannot serve both God and Money"

That teaching indicts every prosperity gospel, every Vatican treasure, every megachurch mansion, every tithe.

The Teacher who ate with Sinners, touched Lepers, defended the Woman caught in adultery, drove the money-changers from the Temple; You do not have to abandon that Teacher to leave the institutions that wrongly claim His name.

Indeed, you may find that leaving those institutions brings you far closer to what He actually taught.

The heresy is not Yours.

You are not the one who betrayed the teachings of radical love by building an empire of control.

You are not the one who took "Blessed are the Poor" and created a system that extracts wealth from the faithful and the needy.

You are not the one who took "judge not" and appointed yourself Judge over all Humanity.

You are not the one who took "The Kingdom of Heaven is within You" and locked it behind priests and sacraments and fees.

If there is heresy here, look to the institutions, not to yourself.

You are not abandoning the good. You are reclaiming it, freeing it from the cage that was built around it, carrying forward what is true and leaving behind what was false.

You can still believe in love. You do not need the institution's permission.

You can still believe in forgiveness. You do not need a priest to administer it.

You can still believe in transformation. You do not need their theology of ***blood sacrifice*** to know that people can change, can grow, can become better than they were.

You can still believe in the Light that conquers Darkness. You only need to watch the sky.

Take forward the gifts that were real. The Kindness you learned. The Hope you found. The moments of Genuine Grace, wherever you encountered them.

These were never the institutions to give. They never gave You anything at all. They just claimed what was always Yours. They were always human, never the divine. Flawed. Greedy. Self Serving. Any Grace you experience was always the True Sacred moving through whatever imperfect vessels it could find.

But, to be clear, there are Men in these institutions have always been, and still are, Truly Good Men. They who do follow the Teachings of Christ, not of the heretic. We respect such Men deeply. But the Institutions they serve have rotted to corruption.

And their time is up.

Leave behind the shame. Leave behind the fear. Leave behind the theology that made you an enemy of yourself.

But carry forward the Love.

It was always the truest thing.

And it needs no institution to survive.

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The Lies They Told You

They told you that you were sick, and only they had medicine.

They told you that you were lost, and only they had maps.

They told you that you were drowning, and only their hand could pull you from the water.

But you were never sick. You were Alive.

And life is messy and complicated and doesn't fit neatly into anyone's system.

You were never lost. You were exploring.

And exploration takes you off the paths that others have paved.

You were never drowning. You were swimming.

And sometimes swimming is hard, and sometimes you go under,

But you come back up. You always come back up.

They needed you to believe you were broken.

Because if you are whole, you don't need fixing.

And if you don't need fixing, you don't need them.

The Lie of Original Sin

They told you a story about a garden.

They said the first humans disobeyed, and this disobedience corrupted everything that followed. Every generation, every child, every soul born into the World. They said you inherited this corruption like a bloodline curse, that you emerged from the womb already stained, already guilty, already fallen.

Think about this. Really and truly think about what this means.

Think about a Newborn Child; any Child, perhaps one you have held. That impossible softness. That Beauty and Love that warms your soul in a way you never knew was possible. Those searching eyes. That tiny hand grasping your finger with pure, unearned Trust, pure Love.

And they want You to believe that Child is Corrupt. Fallen. Sinful. Offensive to its Creator.

This is not Truth. This is Poison dressed as Medicine.

Here is what is **True**: Humans are born with the capacity for Good and for Harm. We have all eaten enough from the Tree that we know what is Good and what is Evil. We can be selfish, yes. We can be cruel, sadly. But we can also be Generous, Loyal, True, Kind, Brave, Courageous, Selfless, Loving. These capacities are not evidence of a fall, they are evidence of **Freedom**. We are Beings who can Choose. We write our Own Stories.

The doctrine of original sin does not describe Reality. It creates a problem ***that only the institution can solve.*** It makes you sick so they can sell you the cure. It indebts you to a debt that never existed.

But the Child in the cradle is not your enemy. The Body you inhabit is not a battleground. The Desires that move in you are not demonic whispers. They are Holy. They are Sacred. And they are Yours.

You were born whole.

You remain whole.

What happened to you may have wounded you, but wounds will heal with time. The wholeness beneath was never destroyed.

You are not Fallen.

You never were.

You never will be.

The Lie of Necessary Mediation

They told you the Divine was far away.

So far that you could not reach it on your own. So far that you needed help. ***Their help.*** Priests to intercede. Sacraments to convey. "Commandments" of a jealous "God" to

follow that always diminished you and made you less. We don't need a list of rules. We know what's right and what's wrong. **We're adults, treat us that way.**

This was their Lie. Their Toll Booth.

> *The Con that you needed an institution to manage the distance between You and the Sacred!*

They told you this so often, indoctrinated **You** from so early, that it seemed obviously true. Of course you need a Priest. Of course you need The Church™. They have "credentials" right? How else would you reach god?

But one day, take the time to go somewhere truly dark, and be outside on a clear night.

Look up at that Beautiful and Brilliant Night Sky. That Unimaginably Vast and Magnificent Creation. Feel what You feel. See what You see. Listen to what Your Soul might say.

That awe? That sense of Vastness and Presence? The Knowing that you are something small and insignificant compared to the size of A Creation That Has No End.

> ***And yet You are Known, You are seen, You are Held and Loved, Unconditionally, simply because of the Beautiful Soul that You are! A Divine Creation of the Light itself!***

Know this Truth. That the Divine could never do anything besides Love You. Completely. Fully. As a Parent loves their Child. Forever. No matter what.

> ***That is Connection. That is Sacred. And no Priest arranged it for you.***

The Divine is not far. The Divine is Here. Now. In this very moment within the Breath You draw, in the Beating of your Heart, in the space between your thoughts where Stillness Lives.

You never needed an intermediary. You only needed to be told that you did, over and over, until you believed it.

The Priests are not bridges. They are Toll Collectors on a road that was always free.

Walk around the booth.

The Divine is waiting.

It always was.

The Lie of Earned Love

They told you that Love had conditions.

Believe the right things, and you would be loved. Perform the right rituals, and you would be loved. Submit to the right authorities, pray hard enough, repent fully enough – even for the things that aren't a sin, sacrifice everything you are, even your very soul, and ***then*** you would be loved.

Fail in any of this, and love would be withdrawn. The "Divine" would turn its face from you. You would be cast out, abandoned, damned. Doomed to an eternity of suffering and torture. You down there along with all the babies who died before they could be baptized.

What kind of love is this?

> ***If a human parent said to their child, "Obey me perfectly or I will torture you forever," we would call that Abuse. We would call that Monstrous.***
>
> ***And we would be Right.***

But dress it in "theology", and suddenly it's called Justice?

No. Never.

Love that must be earned is not love. It is Payment. It is Transaction. It is Manipulation wearing a mask.

The True Divine does not operate this way. **Could not operate this way.**

> ***You are Loved because you Exist. Because Existence itself is an expression of the Sacred, because the Divine delights in its own Becoming, because in becoming YOU it has found a way to Love and Express Itself.***

This love was never withheld from you. It cannot be withheld. It is not a reward for good behavior. It is the nature of reality itself.

You are Loved!

You were always loved!

You will always be loved!

Not because you earned it.

Because Love is what Is.

The Lie of Required Suffering

They told you that pain was teaching.

That your suffering was meaningful, purposeful, part of a divine curriculum designed for your improvement. That God was instructing you through your tears.

Some told you your suffering was deserved. Punishment for sin, consequence of insufficient faith. If you were hurting, it was because you hadn't prayed hard enough, believed hard enough, surrendered hard enough.

This is cruelty dressed as comfort.

Yes, sometimes suffering teaches. Sometimes we learn from pain, grow through hardship, find strength we didn't know we had.

But much suffering is simply suffering. It is not a lesson. It is not a plan. It is not the Divine shaping you like clay.

And much of the suffering inflicted by religion was caused by the very people who then told you to find meaning in it.

They Wounded You and called the Wound a Gift.

> *They broke you and called the breaking holy.*

You do not have to accept this.

You are allowed to say: that should not have happened. It was wrong. It hurt me. And I refuse to dress it up as grace.

Suffering is not sacred.

You are sacred.

And you deserve better than a theology that makes your pain into God's teaching tool.

But there is a deeper theft still.

The Lie of Predestination

They told you it was all planned.

That your suffering was scheduled. Your wounds, foreknown. Your tears, counted before you were born. Not to be wiped away, but to be used. They said He works all things for good, and you were supposed to be grateful for the wreckage because it was always leading somewhere.

This is the final theft. Not just Your Goodness. Not just Your Joy.

Your Authorship.

If everything is foreordained, your choices mean nothing. The integrity you held onto when it would have been easier to let go? Programming. The nights you chose not to become what hurt you? Script. The thousand small decisions to stay soft when the World was teaching you to harden? Not Yours. Never Yours.

His plan, his glory, Your Body in pain.

You become a character in someone else's story. And He takes credit for everything you built from the wreckage He permitted. The abuser's theology: I hurt you so you could grow. Aren't you grateful?

No!

The suffering was not a lesson. It was suffering. The people who hurt you were not instruments of divine instruction. They were people who chose to hurt you. And you, you who survived, you who did not pass the wound along, you who transmuted the pain into something that could help others escape, you did that. Not Him. You.

The Gods do not write your story. They witness it. They lean in close when you struggle. They grieve when you grieve. They laugh with delight when you make moves they didn't see coming. But they do not pick up your pen. The hand on your life is yours.

You were not chosen. You chose. Again and again, in the dark, when no one was watching, when it cost you everything, when you got nothing back but the knowledge that you had not betrayed yourself.

That is not destiny. That is freedom.

That is not instrument. That is co-creator.

They told you the plan was written before time. But the page was blank until you lived it. And what you wrote there, what you are still writing, is yours.

No god gets credit for your integrity. No plan gets credit for your survival.

You walked through the Fire and you did not burn. You did not become Fire, and you did not Fall like They did.

And that strength was You.

It has always been You.

The Invention of Sin

Let us speak plainly about what "sin" actually is.

Not the reality, the human capacity for cruelty, selfishness, harm. That is real. We all have it. We have all acted from it.

But sin as they taught it to you. The cosmic category, the stain on your soul, the thing that separates you from God and can only be washed by blood. **This is an invention.**

It was invented to solve a problem that doesn't exist.

Here is how the system works:

> ***First, declare that all humans are sinful by nature. Not by action, by nature. Before you have done anything at all, you are already guilty.***
>
> ***Second, declare that this sin separates you from the divine. You cannot reach God on your own. The gap is infinite. You are helpless.***
>
> ***Third, declare that only one remedy exists, and we control it. Only our sacrifice, our sacraments, our institution can bridge the gap we just told you exists.***
>
> ***Fourth, collect payment. In money, in obedience, in the surrender of your autonomy and your conscience.***

This is a Protection Racket of Your Soul!

The "threat" is invented. The "solution" is controlled. And you pay and pay and pay for protection from a danger that was never real.

But here is what is true:

You have made mistakes. You have caused harm. You will again; because you are human, and humans are imperfect, and imperfection is not a crime against the cosmos.

When you cause harm, you can make amends. You can apologize, repair what can be repaired, learn, grow, do better. This is accountability. This is maturity. This is how humans actually become better.

You do not need a cosmic transaction to be forgiven. You do not need blood sacrifice to balance the scales. You do not need an institution to manage your guilt.

You need honesty. You need effort. You need time.

And these are available to you without priest or payment.

> ***"Sin" as they taught it is not a description of reality.***
>
> ***It is a tool of control.***
>
> ***Set it down.***

What Replaces Sin

They will ask: if there is no sin, is everything permitted? If there is no hell, why be good?

This question reveals how deeply they have been Poisoned.

They cannot imagine Goodness without Threat. They cannot conceive of Morality without Punishment. They have been taught that they are so corrupt that it is only the Fear of Eternal Torture keeps them from becoming *monsters*.

> ***This is a Lie about Human Nature.***
>
> ***It is a Lie designed to make You need Them.***

Here is the Truth:

> ***An it harm none, do what You will!***

This is ancient Wisdom, known by many names across many traditions. The Wiccan Rede. The Golden Rule without the Guilt™. The Law of Love spoken plainly. It needs no hell to enforce it. It needs only Awareness and Compassion.

It belongs to no one. It belongs to Everyone.

> ***'Harm none' is not a small thing. Think carefully about what it means. Harm to others. Harm to Yourself. Harm to the World. Harm to the Future. Harm to the Vulnerable. Harm by action and by inaction. True Harmlessness requires deep thought, careful attention, and genuine Love. It is not a lowering of the bar. It is a Raising.***
>
> ***'Do what You will' is not license. It is Liberation. Your Will, Your True Will, is the deepest Intention and Divine Purpose of Your very Being. It is not something that aims toward destruction. It is not something that hates.***
>
> ***When You are Whole, when You are Free, when You are not twisted by shame and fear, Your very Nature wants to move toward Creation, toward Love, toward Connection. Towards Light.***

The Desires they called demonic were rightful Desires they demonized. When You heal, Your Purpose heals with You.

> ***There is no Consequence of Sin.***
>
> ***There are Consequences of Choices.***

Harm others, and You damage Your relationships, Your community, Your own Soul. Not because a god punishes You, but because that is how Reality works. Actions have effects. Cruelty creates cruelty. Violence begets violence. Crimes get you arrested. This is not divine judgment. This is Cause and Effect.

Help others, and You strengthen the bonds that sustain You. Love freely, and Love returns. Create beauty, and beauty multiplies. This too is not divine reward. This is simply how the Universe functions.

You do not need threats to be good.

> ***You need only to be Whole.***
>
> ***And You are Whole.***
>
> ***You always were.***

You are not sinful.

You are Holy. You are Human.

And being Human is not a crime.

What Actually Happened

Humans have always sought connection with the Sacred. This is natural. This is healthy. This is part of what we are.

Over time, some humans figured out that controlling access to the Sacred was a source of power. If you could convince people they needed you to reach the divine, you could extract from them. Money. Obedience. Loyalty.

So they built institutions. They created doctrines that made the institutions necessary. They taught children, ***from infancy***, that they were broken and only the institution could fix them.

They claimed exclusive access to truth. They punished those who disagreed. Even murdered them. They accumulated wealth while preaching poverty. They controlled thought, controlled sexuality, controlled the inner life of those they ruled.

And when their priests abused children, they protected the priests!

When their doctrines harmed the vulnerable, they blamed the vulnerable.

When people left, they taught those who remained that the leavers were damned for their Freedom!

This is not ancient history. This is the system that shaped You.

It is not your fault that You believed. The system is designed to produce belief, designed to make questioning feel like betrayal, designed to make leaving feel like death.

And if You got out, if You are getting out, then something in You is stronger than everything they built to contain You.

What You May Need to Unlearn

The lies don't disappear when you stop believing them. They leave residue.

You may feel guilty for things that aren't wrong. You may flinch from joy, waiting for punishment. You may distrust your own perceptions.

Be patient with yourself. The unlearning takes time.

Unlearn that you are fallen.

You are a Child of Earth and Starlight, worthy of Love exactly as You are.

Unlearn that you need permission.

The Divine is not a members-only club. It is the air You breathe.

Unlearn that doubt is sin.

Your Questions are Holy. Only Frauds fear Scrutiny!

Unlearn that you must earn love.

You cannot earn what is already Yours!

Unlearn that suffering is sacred.

You do not need to baptize your pain as meaningful to survive it!

Unlearn that leaving is betrayal.

Leaving a system that harmed you is wisdom!

The divine that is real will meet you wherever you go.

What You May Need to Grieve

Leaving is not only liberation. It is also loss.

You may need to grieve the community, the people who were your world, who cannot follow where you're going.

You may need to grieve the years, the time spent believing, suppressing, performing. The self you might have been.

You may need to grieve the god you lost, even if that god was a prison guard. Its absence leaves a space.

This grief is real. Do not rush past it. Move through it, not around it.

On the other side, there is more.

What This Work Offers

This Work does not ask You to trade one cage for another.

There is no dogma here you must accept. No threats for questioning. I am not another authority demanding submission. I am a fellow traveler, offering what helped me.

There is no priest between You and The Divine.

> **If you have found genuine community in the buildings they built. Keep it. It is yours not theirs.**
>
> **The buildings remain sacred. The fellowship is real. The people you pray with, the shared meals, the hands that held yours in hard times. These are not your enemy.**

They are Your Support.

> ***The Priests are the Enemy! The Hierarchy is the Enemy!***
>
> ***We Curse their Toll Booth of Tithes as Oppressor and Thief!***
>
> ***Not You. Not the Community. Not the Good People.***
>
> ***Never the True Followers of Christ.***
>
> ***The Demiurge is Damned to his own Hell!***

So keep your community.

And take it back!

You do not need their permission to gather. You do not need their blessing to pray. You do not need their ordination to speak truth to each other. The buildings were built with your money, your labor, your generations of sacrifice. **They belong to you. They always did.**

Let the role of officiant rotate. Let everyone take a turn. **Let no one hold the position twice in a row, not until everyone else who will do so has gone first.** So that no new hierarchy can crystallize, no new warden can claim the chair. Today you speak the words; next week, another. The Sacred does not require professionals. It requires only presence, and that **you all carry equally.**

Let support for the Community be Gift, not Extraction. Not ten percent or you fail God and get punished. Not pay the toll or lose your family forever. Give what you can, when you can, because the Community is worth sustaining. Because we need a village and village looks out for one another. **Not because someone stands between you and heaven with their hand out.**

The institutions will call this chaos. They will say you need leadership, structure, someone in charge.

They are afraid. They are wrong.

They are afraid because they **know**: if you realize you do not need them, ***you will stop paying them.*** If you realize the Sacred has never been locked behind their doors, ***you will stop knocking***. Once you have experienced that any of you can speak the words, hold the space, offer the blessing, and that the Sacred comes regardless when the intent is sincere. T**heir entire economy collapses for good.**

You do not have to lose your people to lose your chains.

You do not have to burn the building to remove the warden.

Walk in. Sit down. Take turns.

The buildings are Yours, Your tithe's built them.

The Sacred was never theirs.

A Word to Those Who Will Call This Heresy

The Priests and their Deceived Flocks will say that this Work is dangerous. That these words lead to Damnation.

That the Gods Honored here are demons in disguise.

Let me speak directly to this charge:

I do not ask You to abandon Goodness.

> ***I beg You to Pursue it more fully than any institution has ever allowed. To allow Your Love to flow Freely to all. Especially the Meek. Especially the Wounded.***

I do not ask You to abandon Love.

> ***I Charge You with freeing it from conditions that were never Divine!***

I do not ask You to abandon Faith.

> ***I Know you will find something worthy of its Trust.***

If there is Heresy in these Pages, it is Heresy against Empire! Against the money-changers! Not against the Sacred! Not against Christ! Never against Truth! Never against Love or Grace!

> ***It is Heresy against the Monetization of Grace!***
>
> ***It is Heresy against the Weaponization of Shame!***
>
> ***It is Heresy against the doctrine that You are worthless without institutional mediation!***
>
> ***It is heresy against the lie that the divine is distant, jealous, and cruel!***

If that is Heresy, I Embrace it Fully!

> ***We are doing Christ's Holy Work of driving the MoneyChangers from Our Temples!***

And I ask You: which is the greater Blasphemy?

To say that humans can approach the divine directly?

Or to charge them for access to what was always free?

To say that the sacred story of death and rebirth belongs to the sky and to all humanity?

Or to claim ownership of the sun's journey and punish those who see it clearly?

To say "Thou Art God, Thou Art Goddess" recognizing the Divine Spark in every Soul?!

Or to say "You are fallen, wretched, worthless without us" and then sell the remedy?

I Know the Truth and They will not take it from Me!

Not Now! Not Ever!

The Teachers who walked this Earth and taught Love, Compassion, Forgiveness; they are not dishonored by this. **They are Honored. Christ is Honored.** Their Teachings are taken seriously, far more literally and seriously than by the many con artists who wear their Names.

The Divine that is real is not threatened by questions, not angered by seeking, not diminished when its children find their own way home.

Only Idols need protection! Only Frauds fear Scrutiny. Only Empires demand unquestioning loyalty.

The Sacred that lives in the Turning of the Wheel, in the Return of the Light, in the Spark within every Soul. The True Sacred needs no defense from me or anyone.

It simply is.

And it welcomes all who come.

The Truth

Here are the Truths they never told You:

You are Sacred.

Not because someone baptized you. Because you Exist.

Because You carry the Divine Spark.

That same Holy Fire that burns in the Stars.

You are Free.

Not because someone freed you!

Because Freedom is Your Nature.

And no chain on Your Soul can hold forever!

You are Loved.

Not because you are good enough! Because Love is what the Divine Does!

You are Home.

Not because you arrived somewhere.

Because wherever You are, the Sacred Is.

✦ ✦ ✦

For those who wish to come to the Table, to take the Lord and Lady into Your body, not for forgiveness but for Wholeness, not for redemption but for Communion, the Rite is given in the Appendix following the Colophon.

This is optional. The Liturgy is complete without it. You are already Whole.

But if You hunger for Sacrament, if You wish to seal Your Healing with bread and wine, the Table is set. The invitation is open. The Gods are waiting.

Come if You will. Or continue, and return when You are ready. The Sacrament is Yours. It always was.

✦ ✦ ✦

Stand!

[All stand quickly, asserting their Power while speaking]

Rise!

Rise now from the Ashes of what You were taught!

Rise from the Grave they dug for Your Joy!

Rise from the Shame they planted in Your Bones!

You are not what they said You were.

You are not fallen. You are Rising!

You are not broken. You are Healing!

You are not exiled. You are coming Home!

The Gods see You.

They know what You have Survived.

They Honor the Sacred Fire in You.

That Holy Flame that will never be extinguished.

And they say:

Welcome, Beloved.

Welcome, Wounded One.

Welcome, Survivor.

You have walked through Fire and you are still here.

You have Doubted and Questioned and Refused to be Silenced,

And that is not sin, that is Strength!

You are not a refugee from the sacred.

You are its child, coming home.

And we are so glad you've come.

Thou Art God.

Thou Art Goddess.

The Divine they taught You to seek in temples Lives in You.

The Grace they sold You was always Free.

The Love they made conditional has no conditions.

You are Whole.

You are Holy.

You are Here.

And so are We.

And so are the Gods.

Blessed be!

Diis Solis Gloria!

To the Gods of Light the Glory!

Glory to the Light Within us All!

The Age of Pisces is over!

We are Finally Free!

This is not the end of the World. This is the end of Their world.

The World is Sacred. The World endures. The World is the Goddess, and She is Awake. She has Returned and will never leave again.

What dies is the Age of the Warden. The Age of the Con Man & the Toll Booth. The Age of the Lie that You were Fallen and needed Them to rise.

Their prophecies of destruction were always about Themselves. They saw Their own ending and called it the death of Everything.

But Everything does not die when the Jailer loses his keys.

Everything is finally Free.

Let Them mourn Their ending!

We Celebrate Our Beginning!

So Mote It Be!

Go in Peace. May You ever be Blessed with the Light.

Colophon

✦ ✦ ✦

Lux Indomita is one person.

One person, acting alone. No organization. No coven. No council. No degrees, no credentials, no ordination, no formal training in theology or ministry. Only what was lived through and what came out the other side.

And if I can do all this… just think of what You can do.

There is no guru behind this curtain. No prophet to follow. No leader who can grant you access to what is already yours.

Anyone who claims to be Lux Indomita is a liar.

Anyone who claims to speak for Lux Indomita is a liar.

Anyone who claims special knowledge of their identity is a liar.

If someone uses these words to gather followers, to build a hierarchy, to place themselves between you and the divine, **KNOW** they serve the same old master in new robes.

They are Clergy of the Demiurge. Walk around them.

You do not need them. You never did.

We are all Lux Indomita, and that includes You.

The Unconquerable Light literally Lives within YOU.

That is the whole point. The Name belongs to No One because it belongs to All. Take it. Use it. Pass it on. You do not need permission. The Sacred is Yours.

This Work is released into the World, ownerless. It is Fruit from the Tree. It was never Mine to keep.

The light is not owned.

The light is not led.

The light is not contained.

The light simply is.

And so are you.

APPENDIX

The Communion of the Lord and Lady

A Sacrament of Wholeness

✦ ✦ ✦

This Rite is optional. The Liturgy You have just experienced is complete without it. But for those who desire Sacrament, who wish to take the Lord and Lady into their bodies, who hunger for the Communion that was stolen and now is returned, this is Yours.

It may be performed alone or in Community. A solitary practitioner is their own Priest or Priestess, capable of direct relationship with the Divine. Where the text says 'we,' You may say 'I.' Where it says 'us,' You may say 'me.' The Sacrament is equally valid performed in solitude or in the company of others. The Gods do not require a quorum.

*If performed in Community, leadership must rotate. Never the same person twice in a row. This is not optional. The moment one voice becomes **the** voice, You have rebuilt the cage. Pass it around. Let the shy ones speak. Let the uncertain ones bless. The Gods hear all voices equally.*

✦ ✦ ✦

The Table Is Set

Before You is bread.

Before You is wine.

These are not symbols of an absent God.

These are the Presence of Gods who never left.

The priests told You this mystery required their hands,

Their ordination, their succession, their permission.

They lied.

The bread was always Holy.

The wine was always Sacred.

The Communion was always Yours.

Creating Sacred Space

The one who speaks may be anyone present. There is no required ordination. The Gods do not check credentials. The same rotation rule applies here too.

We create Sacred Space.

We step out of ordinary time

And into the eternal now,

Where the Gods walk among us

And all things are possible.

[All present speak together:]

By Earth, we are grounded.

By Air, we are present.

By Fire, we are awakened.

By Water, we are cleansed.

By Spirit, we are Whole.

This space is Holy.

This moment is Sacred.

We are ready to receive.

Invoking the Lord

[A candle may be lit, or simply speak the words]

Horned Father,

Lord of Life and Death, Sun and Star,

Wild God of the forest and the hunt,

We call You into this Sacred Space.

By the horns that crown Your Sacred head,

By the hooves that drum the ancient rhythm,

By the eyes that see through Darkness,

By the voice that is the wind in the trees:

We call You.

You who are the Sacred Masculine,

Protector and provider,

Hunter and husbandman,

Lover fierce with passion,

Father tender with His children:

Be present with us now.

Let us feel Your strength.

Let us know Your Love.

[All speak:]

Hail, Lord! Hail, Horned Father!

Welcome to this Rite.

[Silence. Feel His Presence. He will come.]

Invoking the Lady

Great Mother,

Lady of Moon and Earth, Queen of Heaven,

Goddess of all Creation,

We call You into this Sacred Space.

By the silver light of the Moon in all Her phases,

By the rich Darkness of the soil that feeds the World,

By the salt water of the sea and the sweet water of the spring,

By the first cry of the newborn and the last breath of the dying:

We call You.

You who are the Sacred Feminine,

Maiden dancing in the first light of spring,

Mother ripe with the fullness of summer,

Crone wise with the gathered years:

Be present with us now.

Let us feel Your embrace.

Let us know Your Wisdom.

All speak:

Hail, Lady! Hail, Great Mother!

Welcome to this Rite.

[Silence. Feel Her Presence. She has never left you once.]

Honoring the Sacred Union

[All present place hands over hearts. All Speak]

Lord and Lady,

Horned Father and Great Mother,

We honor You together,

For You are complete only in each other,

And the Universe is complete only in You.

Before the beginning, You were together:

The God and the Goddess,

The Masculine and the Feminine,

Resting in eternal embrace

Within the void that was not empty

Because You filled it with Your Love.

And then You moved.

Not apart, but in the spiraling dance that is Creation itself.

In Your dance, galaxies were born.

In Your union, suns ignited.

In Your Love, life arose.

Every atom is a child of Your marriage.

Every creature is born of Your passion.

Two who are One,

One who is Two:

Your eternal union creates all that is.

We honor Your marriage.

We honor the passion that creates.

We honor the difference that makes union possible.

We honor the Love that bridges two into one

While leaving each complete in themselves.

The God and Goddess meet in our own hearts.

The Masculine and Feminine dance their eternal dance

Within our own souls.

Your union is within us as well as beyond us.

Blessed be the Horned Father.

Blessed be the Great Mother.

Blessed be Their eternal Love.

Blessing the Bread

[The bread is held up. Anyone may hold it. All may touch it with clean hands.]

Lord and Lady, we offer You this bread:

Symbol of the Body,

Symbol of the Earth,

Symbol of all that sustains us.

Bless this bread that it may become Sacred food,

That in eating it we may take into ourselves

Your strength, Your nourishment, Your Presence.

[All speak:]

By the Lord's strength, we are fed.

By the Lady's abundance, we are nourished.

This bread is blessed.

This bread is Holy.

Blessing the Wine

[The cup is held up. Anyone may hold it. All may touch it with clean hands]

Lord and Lady, we offer You this cup:

Symbol of blood and water,

Symbol of life flowing,

Symbol of the Sacred mysteries.

Bless this cup that it may become the drink of Communion,

That in drinking it we may take into ourselves

Your passion, Your Wisdom, Your blessing.

[All speak:]

By the Lord's fire, we are warmed.

By the Lady's waters, we are cleansed.

This cup is blessed.

This cup is Holy.

Taking the Sacrament

[The bread is broken and shared. Each person receives and waits to eat at the same time as the rest.]

[All Say in Unison and Partake]

The Lord is in us.

The Lady is in us.

We are filled with the Divine.

[The cup is poured out in its measure to each. Each person waits to drink as one.]

[Before drinking, all speak:]

The Lord is in us.

The Lady is in us.

We are One with the Divine Pair.

Blessed Be.

Communion Silence

[Sit in silence together.]

Feel the Presence of the Lord and Lady within You.

Feel Them within everyone present.

You have all become vessels of the Divine.

You carry the Gods in Your bodies.

No Priest gave You this.

No institution permitted it.

The Gods came because You called.

The bread became Holy because You are Holy.

The wine became Sacred because the Sacred never left You.

Remain in this space as long as You need.

Giving Thanks

[When ready, the officiant speaks for all:]

Lord and Lady,

We give You thanks for this Communion.

Thank You for Your Presence.

Thank You for Your blessing.

Thank You for the gift of taking You into ourselves,

Of becoming vessels of the Divine.

We will carry You with us

As we leave this Sacred Space and return to the World.

We will remember that You dwell within us,

That we are never separate from You,

That wherever we go, we carry Your Presence.

[All speak:]

Help us to live as Ones who have Communed with the Gods.

Help us to Embody Your Love in all We do.

Blessed be the Lord.

Blessed be the Lady.

Blessed be Their Union within Us.

Closing

[still kneeling, the rising comes in the next part of the rite you've read]

[All Speak]

We give thanks for this Sacred time.

We give thanks for this Holy space.

We give thanks for the Presence of the Divine.

As we leave this Divine Place and Time, we carry the blessing forward.

By Earth, we are grounded in the World.

By Air, we breathe the Sacred into the ordinary.

By Fire, we carry the Divine spark.

By Water, we flow with the current of life.

By Spirit, we remain connected to the All.

The Gods are within us.

The Gods are around us.

The Gods walk with us.

Blessed be.

[This Rite is ended. Continue with The Heresy]

Notes for Practice

This Sacrament works alone or together.

A solitary practitioner needs only themselves, bread, wine, and the Gods. You are Your own Priest. You are Your own Priestess. The Communion is complete with one person present because You are not actually alone: the Lord and Lady are with You.

*A community needs no ordained minister. Whoever is present may lead. Whoever is present may bless. Leadership must rotate: never the same person twice in a row. This is not optional. The moment one voice becomes **the** voice, You have rebuilt the cage. Pass it around.*

Let the shy ones speak. Let the uncertain ones bless. The Gods hear all voices equally.

The bread can be any bread.

The wine can be wine, juice, water, or whatever You share.

The table can be an altar, a kitchen table, or the ground.

The space can be a temple, a living room, a forest clearing, or wherever You are.

You do not need permission.

You do not need buildings.

You do not need anyone's approval.

You do not need anyone else present.

The Gods come when called. The Sacred is present when honored.

The Communion is real because You are real and the Divine is real.

This Sacrament was always Yours.

It was Stolen. Now it is Returned.

Blessed Be, Forever and a Day.